A

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. *POPE*.

(Price One Shilling.)

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MUSÆUS:

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MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. *POPE*,

by Mr Mason. —

IN

Imitation of MILTON's *Lycidas*.

F. Hayman inv. et del. *C. Grignion Sculp.*

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MUSÆUS.

A

MONODY.

SOrrowing I catch the reed, and call the muſe;
If yet a muſe on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting ſtrain:
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
For who e'er ſince their virgin train eſpy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,
Where Iſis ſparkles to the ſunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,

Feeding

Feeding each white pink, and each daiſie pied,
That mingling paint his ruſhy-fringed ſide?

Yet ah! cœleſtial maids, ye are not dead,
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,
E'er ye entune his mournful elegy.
Stay then awhile, O ſtay, ye fleeting fair;
Reviſit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Theſpia's ſhade; till your harmonious teen
Be grateful pour'd in ſome ſlow-dittied air.
Such tribute paid, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt you whilom did elect;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
Trim Mænalus, with piny verdure deckt.
But now it boots you not in theſe to ſtray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary ſhade to chuſe,
Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
Forego each vain excuſe,
And haſte to Thames's ſhores; for Thames ſhall join

Our

Our ſad ſociety, and paſſing mourn,
Letting cold tears bedew his ſilver urn.
And, when the poet's widow'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks ſhall ſhake, his head ſhall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blith ſhall rove,
But creep ſoft by with long-drawn murmurs ſlow.
For oft the poet rous'd his charmed waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with ſtrain of love.
He muſt not now in briſk mæanders flow
Gameſome, and kiſs the ſadly-ſilent ſhore,
Without the loan of ſome poetic woe.

Can I forget, how erſt his oſiers made
Sad ſullen muſic, as bleak Eurus fann'd?
Can I forget, how gloom'd yon laureat ſhade,
E'er death remorſcleſs wav'd his ebon wand?
How, midſt yon grot, each ſilver trickling ſpring
Wander'd the ſhelly channels all among;
While as the coral roof did ſoftly ring
Reſponſive to their ſweetly-doleful ſong?

Mean-

Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
And ſunk his awful head,
While vocal ſhadows pleaſing dreams prolong;
For ſo, his ſick'ning ſpirits to releaſe,
They pour'd the balm of viſionary peace.

Firſt, ſent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
Came * TITYRUS ſlow, with head all ſilver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guiſe ſhort talk did hold,
" Grete clerk of Fame' is houſe, whoſe excellence
" Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
" Mickle of wele betide thy houres laſt,
" For mich gode wirkè to me don and paſt.
" For ſyn the daies whereas my lyre ben ſtrongen,
" And deſtly many a mery laie I ſongen,

" Old

*Came * Tityrus* &c.] *i. e.* CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by Spenſer, vide *Shep. Cal.* Ecl. 2, 6, 12, and elſewhere.

" Old Time, which alle things don maliciouſly,
" Gnawen with ruſty tooth continually,
" Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
" Till at the laſt thou ſmoothen 'hem haſt again;
" Sithence full ſemely gliden my rymes rude,
" As, (if fitteth thilk ſimilitude)
" Whannè ſhallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
" Ovir rough ſtones it maken full rough ſong;
" But, them ſtones removen, this lite rivere
" Stealen forth by, making pleſaunt murmere:
" So my ſely rymes, whoſo may them note,
" Thou maken everichone to ren right ſote;
" And in thy verſe entuneth ſo fetiſely,
" That men ſayen I make trewe melody,
" And ſpeaken every dele to myne honoure.
" Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre!".

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.
When ‡ COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's ſhepherd ſwain,
The blitheſt lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed ſoft-warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers 'gan eſſay.

I.

" *Ah! luckleſs ſwain, alas! how art thou lorn,
" Who once like me could'ſt frame thy pipe to play
" Shepherds deviſe, and chear the ling'ring morn:
" Ne buſh, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
" Ah plight too ſore ſuch worth to equal right!
" Ah worth too high to meet ſuch piteous plight!

II. " But

‡ *Colin Clout.*] *i. e.* SPENCER, which Name he gives himſelf throughout his works.

* The two firſt ſtanzas of this ſpeech, as they relate to Paſtoral, are written in the meaſure which Spenſer uſes in the firſt eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calender*; the reſt, where he ſpeaks of Fable, are in the ſtanza of the *Faery Queen*.

II.

" But I nought ſtrive, poor Colin, to compare "
" My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's ruſtic ſkill
" To thy deft ſwains, whoſe dapper dities rare
" Surpaſs ought elſe of quainteſt ſhepherd's quill.
" Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerleſs wight,
" Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

" Eke when in Fable's flow'ry paths you ſtray'd,
" Maſking in cunning feints truth's ſplendent face;
" Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendence paid,
" To ſhield Belinda's look from felon baſe,
" But all mote nought avail ſuch harm to chace, "
" Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,
" Eke Florimel, and all my Facry race:
" Belinda far ſurpaſt my beauties ſheen,
" Belinda, ſubject meet for ſuch ſoft lay I ween.

 IV. " Like

IV.

" Like as in villag'd troop of birdlings trim,
" Where Chanticleer his red creſt high doth hold,
" And quaking Ducks, that wont in lake to ſwim,
" And Turkeys proud, and Pigeons nothing bold;
" If chance the Peacock doth his plumes unfold,
" Eftſoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
" He gliſt'neth purple, and he gliſt'neth gold,
" Now with bright green, now blue himſelf arraying.
" Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties ſwaying.

V.

" But why do I deſcant this toyiſh rhyme,
" And fancies light in ſimple guiſe pourtray?
" Liſting to chear thee at this ruefull time,
" While as black Death doth on thy heartſtrings prey.

" Yet

" Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
" Thou nathleſs judgeſt all too ſlight and vain,
" Let my well-meaning mend my ill eſſay:
" So may I greet thee with a nobler ſtrain,
" When ſoon we meet for aye, in yon ſtar-ſprinkled plain."

Laſt came a bard of more exalted tread,
And † THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the ſylvan train;
But ſeldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'nly Muſes led
To clear Euphrates, and the ſecret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes;
All which the ſacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in ſtrain, unus'd in grove or ſhade,
To ſad MUSÆUS rightful homage paid.

" Thrice

† *Hight Thyrſis.*] *i. e.* MILTON. *Lycidas* and the *Epitaphium Damonis* are the only Paſtorals we have of Milton's, in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of *Damon*, he calls himſelf *Thyrſis.*

" Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught Warbler! laſt and beſt
" Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
" All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
" Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, ſublime.
" Accept this gratulation: may it chear
" Thy ſinking ſoul; nor theſe corporeal ills
" Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high heav'n
" Fame blooms eternal o'er that ſpirit divine,
" Who builds immortal verſe. There thy bold Muſe,
" Which while on earth could breath Mæonian fire,
" Shall ſoar ſeraphic heights; while to her voice
" Ten thouſand Hierachies of Angels harp
" Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
" Uſher the ſong rejoicing. I meanwhile,
" To ſooth thee in theſe irkſome hours of pain,
" Approach thy viſitant, with mortal laud
" To praiſe thee mortal. Firſt, (as firſt beſeems)
" For rhyme ſubdued; Rhyme, erſt the minſtrel rude

" Of

" Of Chaos, Anarch old: ſhe near his throne
" Oft taught the ratling elements to chime
" With tenfold din; till late to earth upborn
" On ſtrident wing, what time fair Poeſie
" Emerg'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly ſhot
" Rekindling gleams of luſtre. Her the fiend
" Oppreſt; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
" Runic, or Leonine; and with dire chains
" Fetter'd her ſcarce-fledg'd pinion. I ſuch bonds
" Aim'd to deſtroy, miſtaking: bonds like theſe
" 'Twere greater art t'ennoble, and refine.
" For this ſuperiour part MUSÆUS came:
" Thou cam'ſt, and at thy magic touch the chains
" Off dropt, and (paſſing ſtrange!) ſoft-wreathed bands
" Of flow'rs their place ſupply'd: which well the Muſe
" Might wear for choice, not force; obſtruction none,
" But lovelieſt ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here
" The wonder reſts not; various argument

" Remains

" Remains for me, all doubting, where to cull
" The primal grace, where countleſs graces charm.
" Various this peaceful ſcene; this mineral roof;
" This 'ſemblage meet of coral, ore, and ſhell;
" Theſe pointed cryſtals fair, mid each obſcure
" Bright gliſt'ring; all theſe ſlowly-dripping rills,
" That tinkling ſtray amid the cooly cave.
" Yet not this various peaceful ſcene; with this
" Its mineral roof; nor this aſſemblage meet
" Of coral, ore, and ſhell; nor mid th' obſcure
" Theſe pointed cryſtals, gliſt'ring fair; nor rills,
" That ſtraying tinkle thro' the cooly cave;
" Deal charms more various to each raptur'd ſenſe,
" Than thy mellifluous lay——"

" Ceaſe, friendly ſwain;
(Musæus cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)
" *All praiſe is foreign, but of true deſert*;
" *Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.*

" Ah!

" Ah! why recall the toys of thoughtleſs youth?
" When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth;
" When fancy rull'd; when trill'd each trivial ſtrain,
" But idly ſweet, and elegantly vain.
" O! in that ſtrain, if all of wit had flow'd,
" All muſic warbled, and all beauty glow'd;
" Had livelieſt nature, happieſt art combin'd;
" That lent each grace, and This each grace refin'd,
" Alas! how little were my proudeſt boaſt!
" The ſweeteſt trifler of my tribe at moſt.

" To ſway the judgment, while he charms the ear;
" To curb mad paſſion in its wild career;
" To blend with ſkill, as loftieſt themes inſpire,
" All reaſon's rigour, and all fancy's fire:
" Be this the poet's praiſe. With this uncrown'd,
" Wit dies a jeſt, and Poetry a ſound.

" Come then that honeſt fame ; whoſe ſober ray
" Or gilds the ſatire, or the moral lay ;
" Which dawns, tho' thou, rough DONNE! hew out the line ;
" But beams, ſage HORACE ! from each ſtrain of thine.
" O ! if, like theſe, one poet more could brave
" The venal ſtateſman, or the titled ſlave ;
" Brand frontleſs Vice, ſtrip all her ſtars and ſtrings,
" Nor ſpare her baſking in the ſmile of Kings :
" Yet ſtoop to Virtue, tho' the proſtrate maid
" Lay ſadly pale in bleak misfortune's ſhade :
" If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;
" Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm ;
" He pour'd, for her lov'd cauſe, ſerene along
" The pureſt precept, in the ſweeteſt ſong :
" For her lov'd cauſe, he trac'd his moral plan,
" Yon various region of bewild'ring man ;

" Explor'd

" Explor'd alike each ſcene, that frown'd, or ſmil'd,
" The flow'ry garden, or the weedy wild;
" Unmov'd by ſophiſtry, unaw'd by name,
" No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
" Led by no ſyſtem's devious glare aſtray,
" As earth-born meteors glitter to betray:
" But, all his ſoul to reaſon's rule reſign'd,
" And heav'n's own views fair-op'ning on his mind,
" Catch'd from bright nature's flame the living ray,
" Thro' paſſion's cloud pour'd in reſiſtleſs day;
" And this great truth in all its luſtre ſhew'd,
" That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD:
" If this his boaſt, pour here the welcome lays;
" Praiſe leſs than this is impotence of praiſe."

" To pour that praiſe be mine," fair VIRTUE cry'd,
And ſhot, all radiant, thro' an op'ning cloud.

But ah! my Muſe, how will thy voice expreſs
Th' immortal ſtrain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
Ill ſuits immortal ſtrain a doric dreſs:
And far too high already haſt thou ſoar'd.
Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
The goddeſs clasp'd him to her throbbing breaſt.
But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
Had op'd her ſhears, to ſlit his vital thread;
And who may hope gainſay her ſtern beheſt?
Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,
And ſigh'd his ſoul to reſt.

Then wept the Nymphs; witneſs, ye waving ſhades!
Witneſs, ye winding ſtreams! the Nymphs did weep:
The heav'nly Goddeſs too with tears did ſteep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;
And, "cruel gods", and, "cruel ſtars", ſhe cry'd:
Nor did the ſhepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,
On that ſad day, or to the penſive brook,

Or

Or ſtagnant river, drive their thirſty flocks;
Nor did the wild-goat brooze the ſteepy rocks:
And Philomel her cuſtom'd oak forſook;
And roſes wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's ſelf was ſick;
And ev'ry lilly droop'd its velvet head;
And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafleſs grove:
Sad ſympathy! yet ſure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
Thro' all her ſweets; and flow'r, and lawn, and ſhade,
All vocal grown, all weep Musæus dead.

Here end we, Goddeſs! this your ſhepherd ſang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
O! make it worthy of the ſacred bard,
And make it equal to the ſhepherd's love.
Nor thou, Musæus! from thine ear diſcard,
For well I ween thou hear'ſt my doleful ſong:
Whether 'mid angel troops, the ſtars among,

From

From golden harp thou call'ſt ſeraphic lays;
Or, anxious for thy deareſt Virtue's fare,
Thou ſtill art hov'ring o'er our tuneleſs ſphere,
And mov'ſt ſome hidden ſpring her weal to raiſe.

Thus the fond ſwain on doric oate eſſay'd,
Manhood's prime honours downing on his cheek:
Trembling he ſtrove to court the tuneful maid
With ſtripling arts, and dalliance all too weak;
Unſeen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn ſhade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to ſtreak;
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their ſtrain:
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the ſhepherd ſwain.

FINIS.